THE

Banquet of MUSICK:

OR,

A Collection of the newest and best SONGS sung at Court, and at Publick Theatres.

WITH

A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute, Bass-Viol, Harpsichord*, or *Organ.*

Composed by several of the Best Masters.

The WORDS by the *Ingenious Wits* of this Age.

THE THIRD BOOK.

Gul: Vaughan Sculp:

LICENSED,

Dec. 1. 1688. *Rob. Midgley.*

In the SAVOY:

Printed by *E. Jones*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple* Church, 1689.

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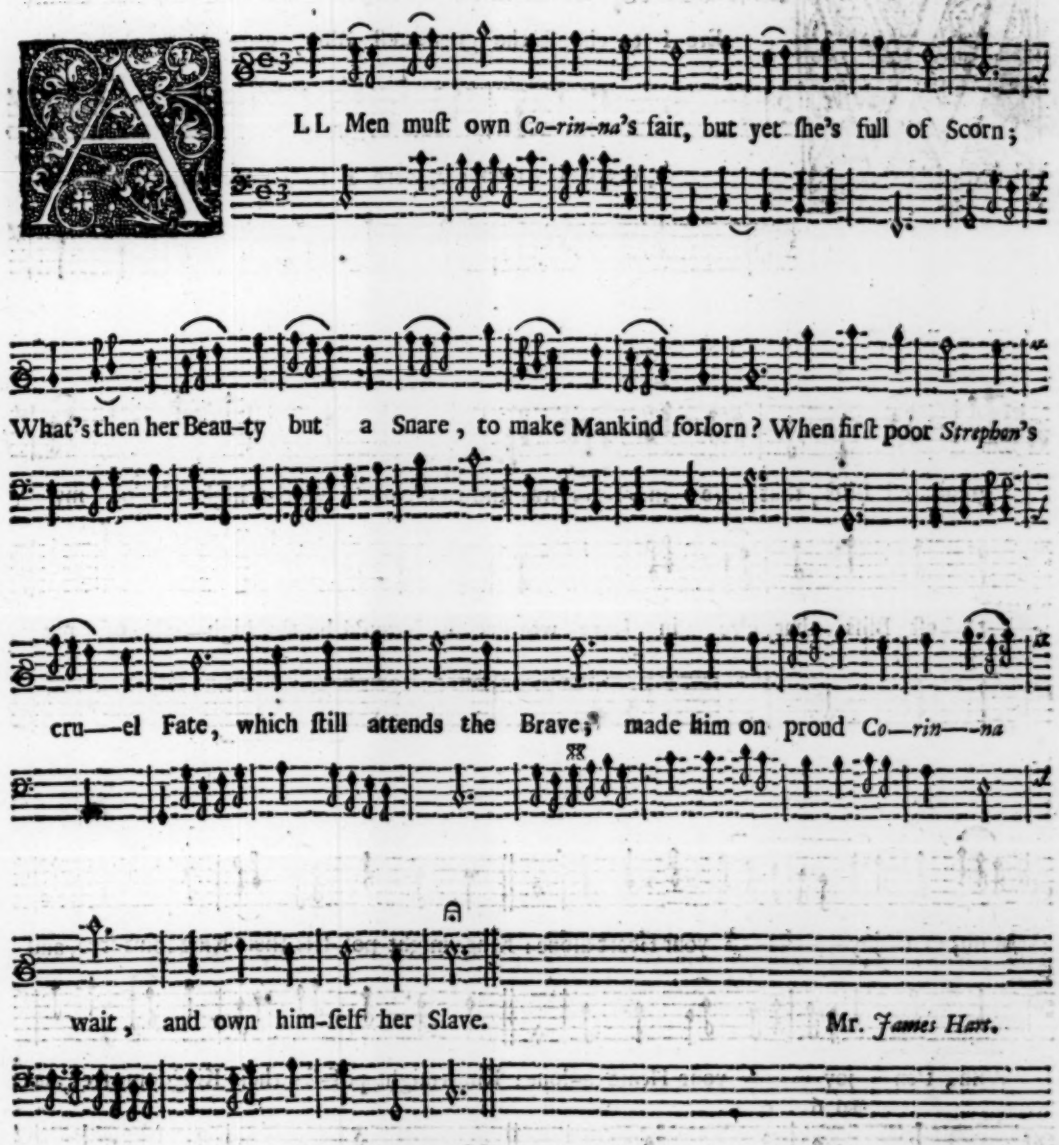
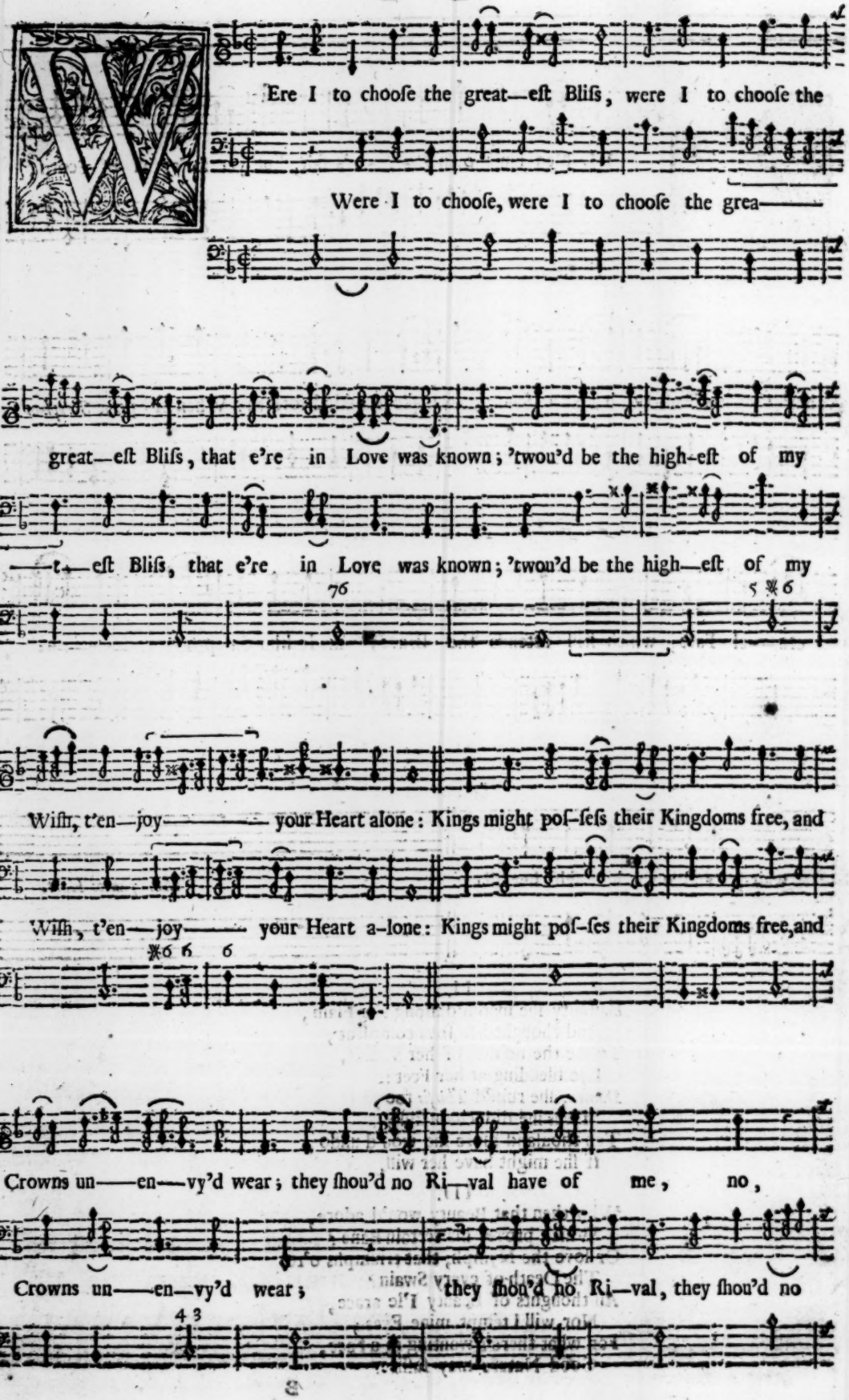


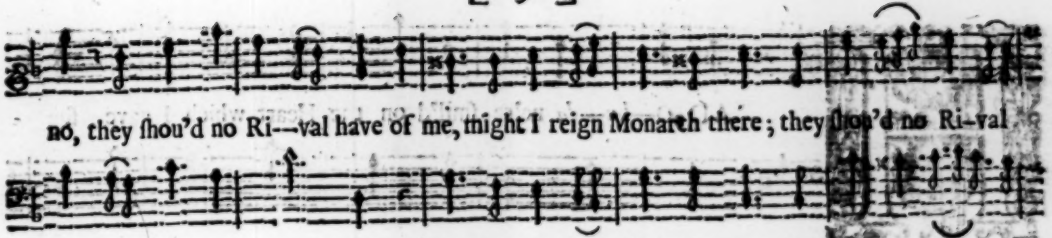
II.

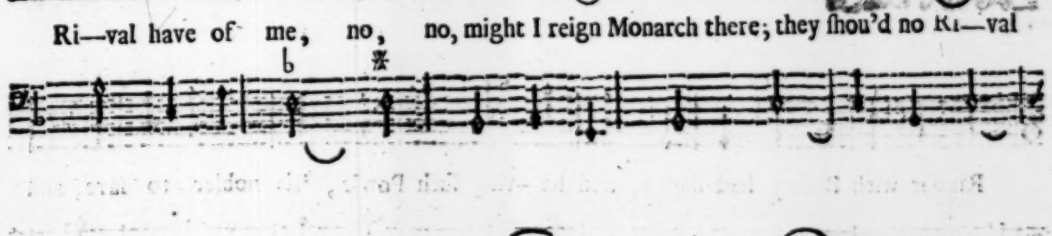
Haughty ſhe march'd along the Plain,
And thought her Joys compleat;
To ſee the nobleſt of her Swains,
Lye bleeding at her Feet:
Damon, ſhe ruin'd *Thirſis* too,
'Twas ſhe did *Timon* kill;
Ten thouſand more ſhe wou'd undo,
If ſhe might have her will.

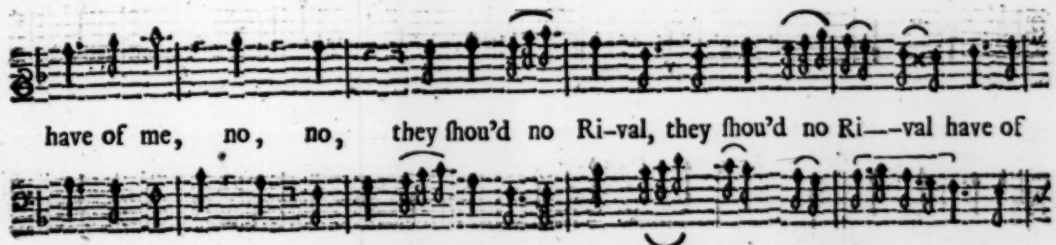
III.

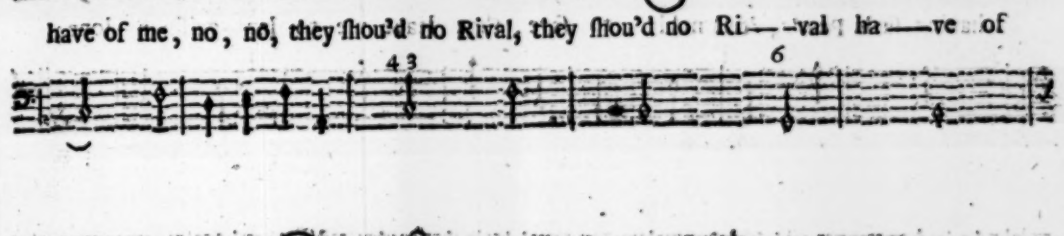
Who then that Beauty wou'd adore,
Which proves his certain Bane?
Or love the Nymph, that triumphs o're
The Death of every Swain?
All thoughts of Beauty I'le arace,
Nor will I tempt mine Eyes;
For what there's wanting in a Face,
Good Nature may ſuffice.

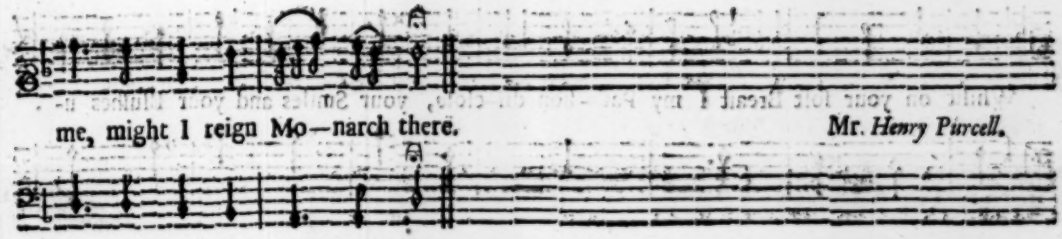

Were I to chooſe the great—eſt Bliſs, were I to chooſe the
Were I to chooſe, were I to chooſe the grea——
great—eſt Bliſs, that e're in Love was known; 'twou'd be the high-eſt of my
——t—eſt Bliſs, that e're in Love was known; 'twou'd be the high—eſt of my
Wiſh, t'en—joy—— your Heart alone: Kings might poſ-ſeſs their Kingdoms free, and
With, t'en—joy—— your Heart a-lone: Kings might poſ-ſes their Kingdoms free, and
Crowns un——en—vy'd wear; they ſhou'd no Ri—val have of me, no,
Crowns un——en—vy'd wear; they ſhou'd no Ri—val, they ſhou'd no

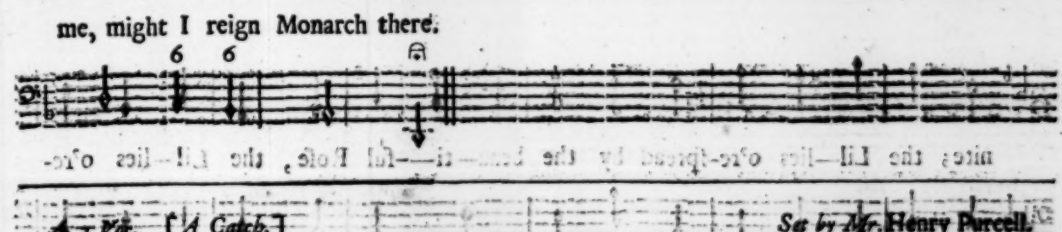




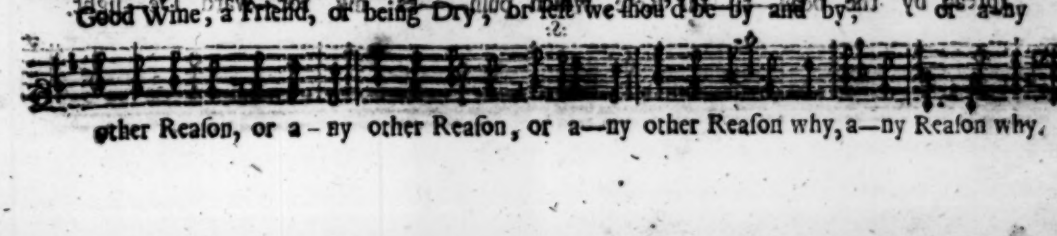


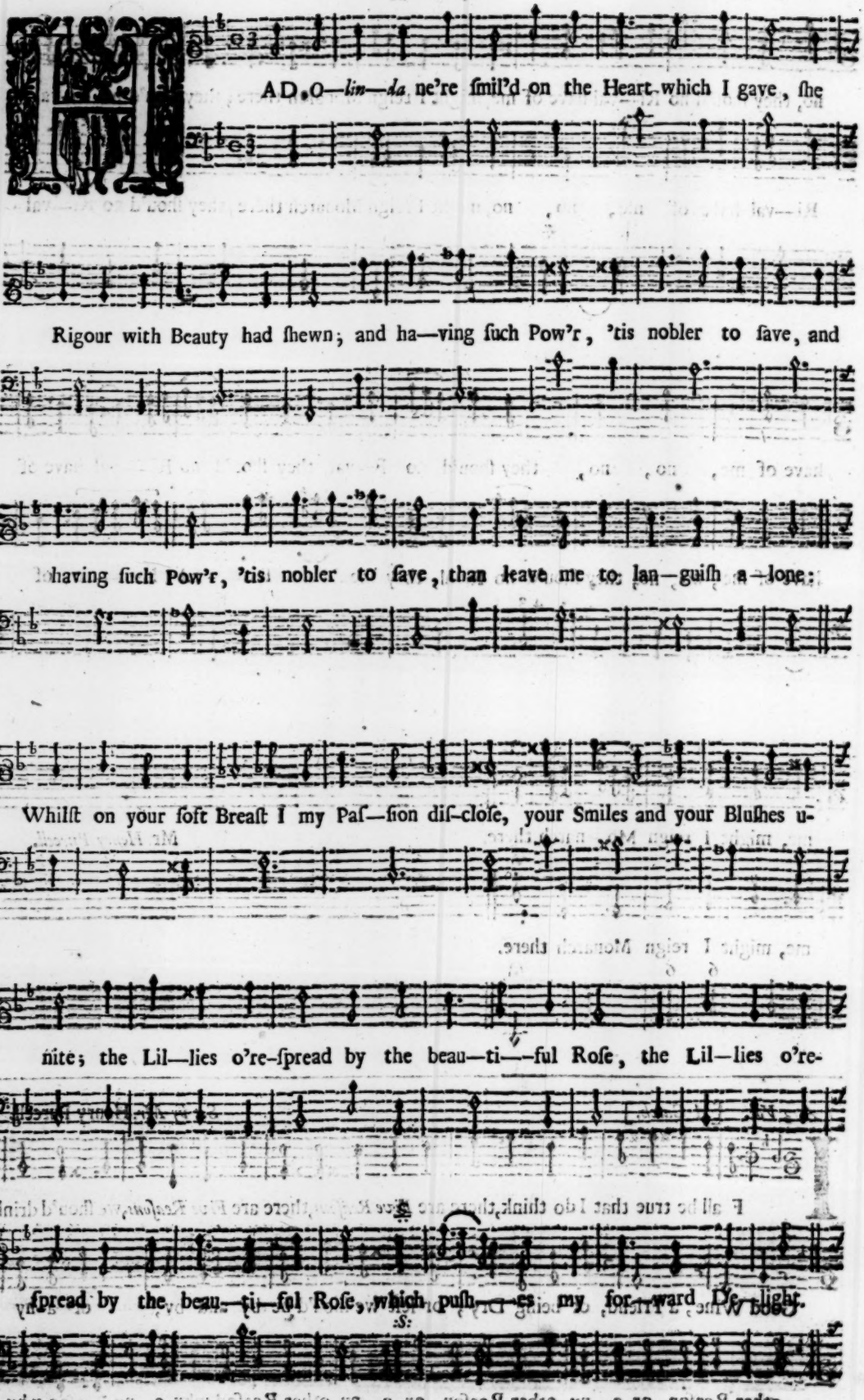


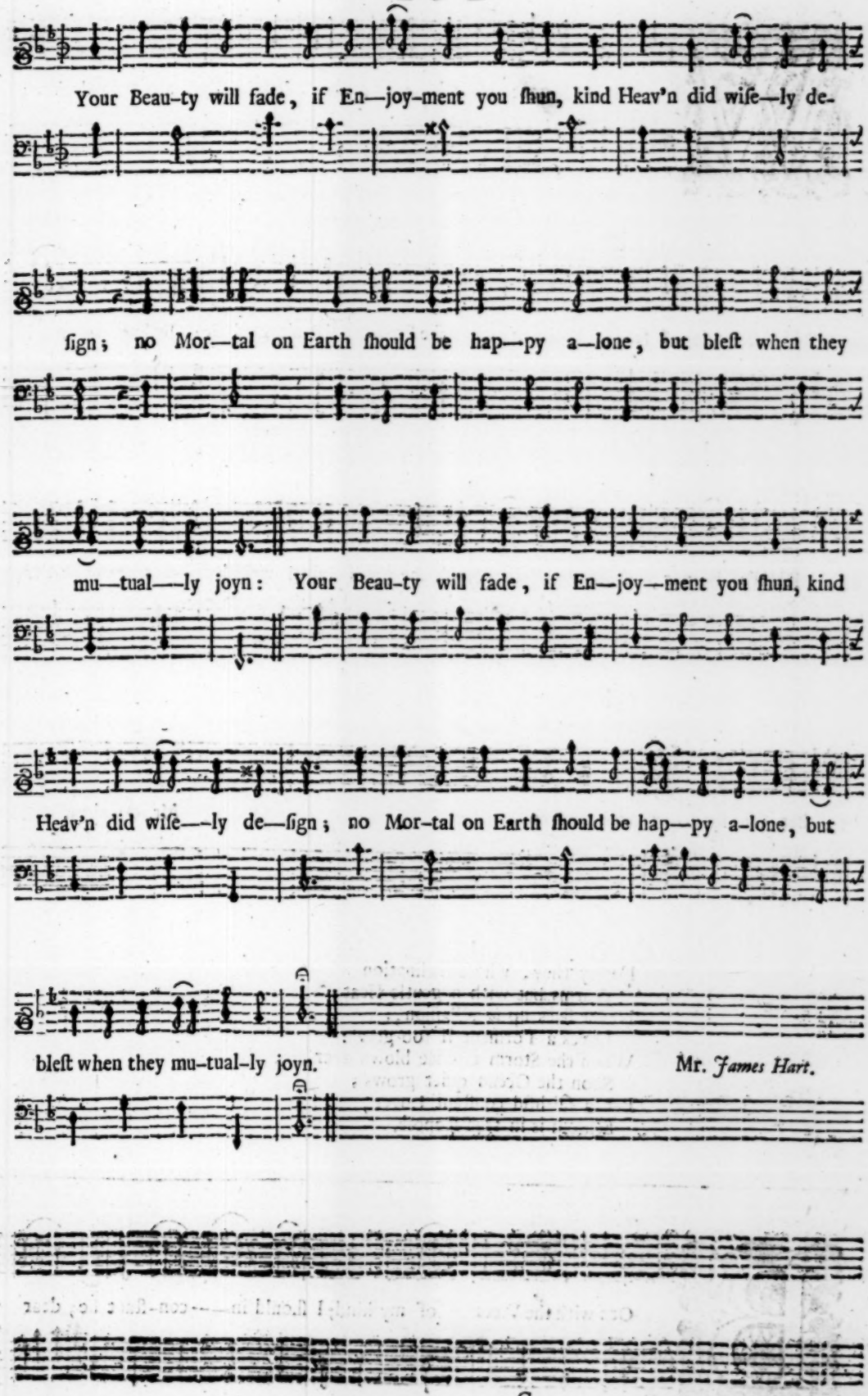


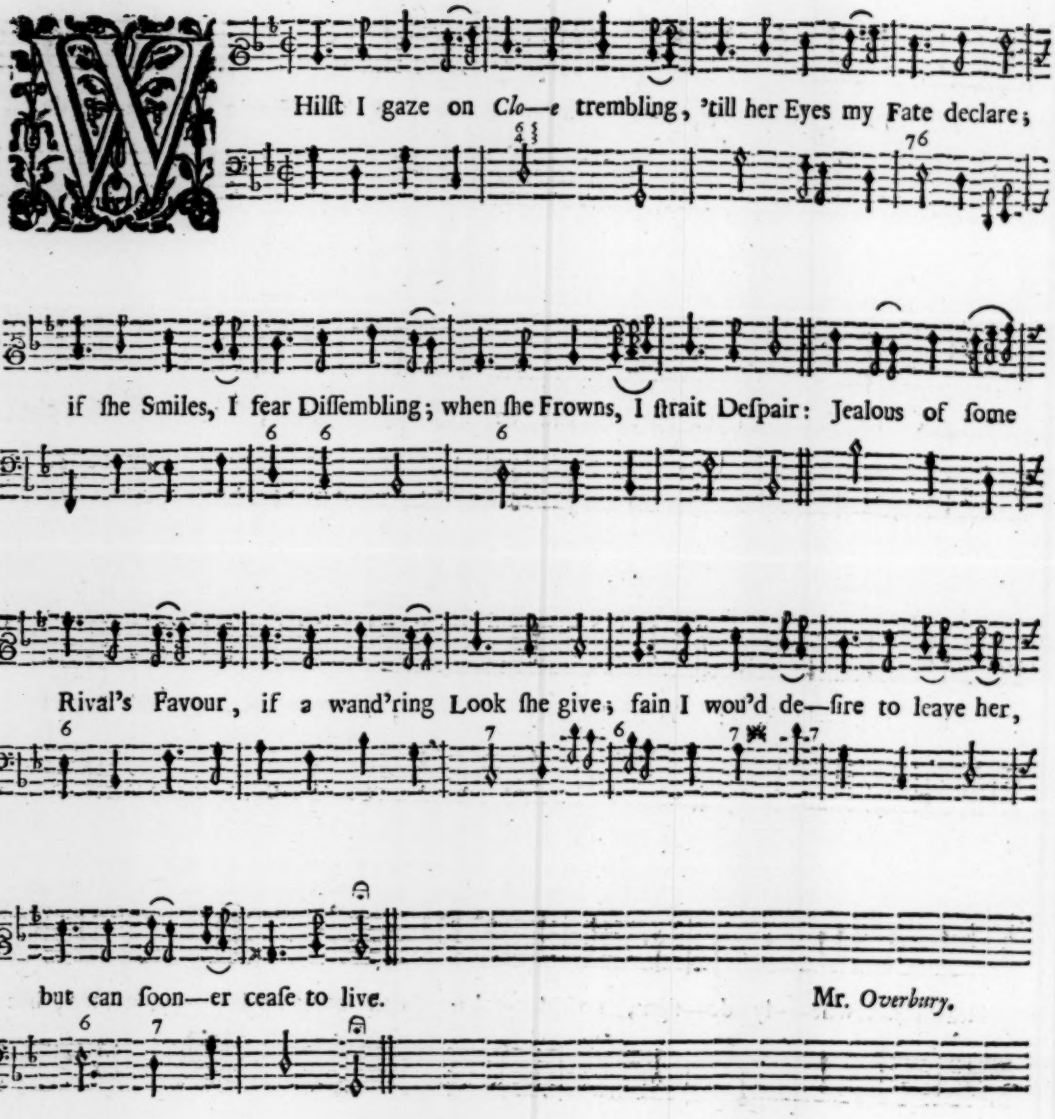


A Catch. [A Catch.] Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



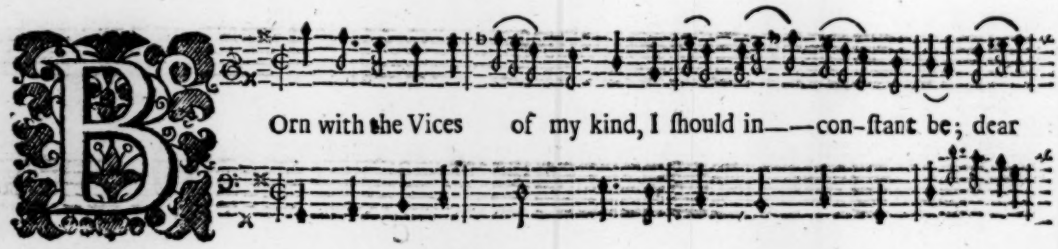

HAD, O—lin—da ne're ſmil'd on the Heart which I gave, ſhe
Rigour with Beauty had ſhewn; and ha—ving ſuch Pow'r, 'tis nobler to ſave, and
having ſuch Pow'r, 'tis nobler to ſave, than leave me to lan—guiſh a—lone:
Whilſt on your ſoft Breaſt I my Paſ—ſion diſ-cloſe, your Smiles and your Bluſhes u-
nite; the Lil—lies o're-ſpread by the beau—ti—ful Roſe, the Lil—lies o're-
ſpread by the beau—ti—ful Roſe, which puſh—es my for—ward Deſ—ſign.
S:

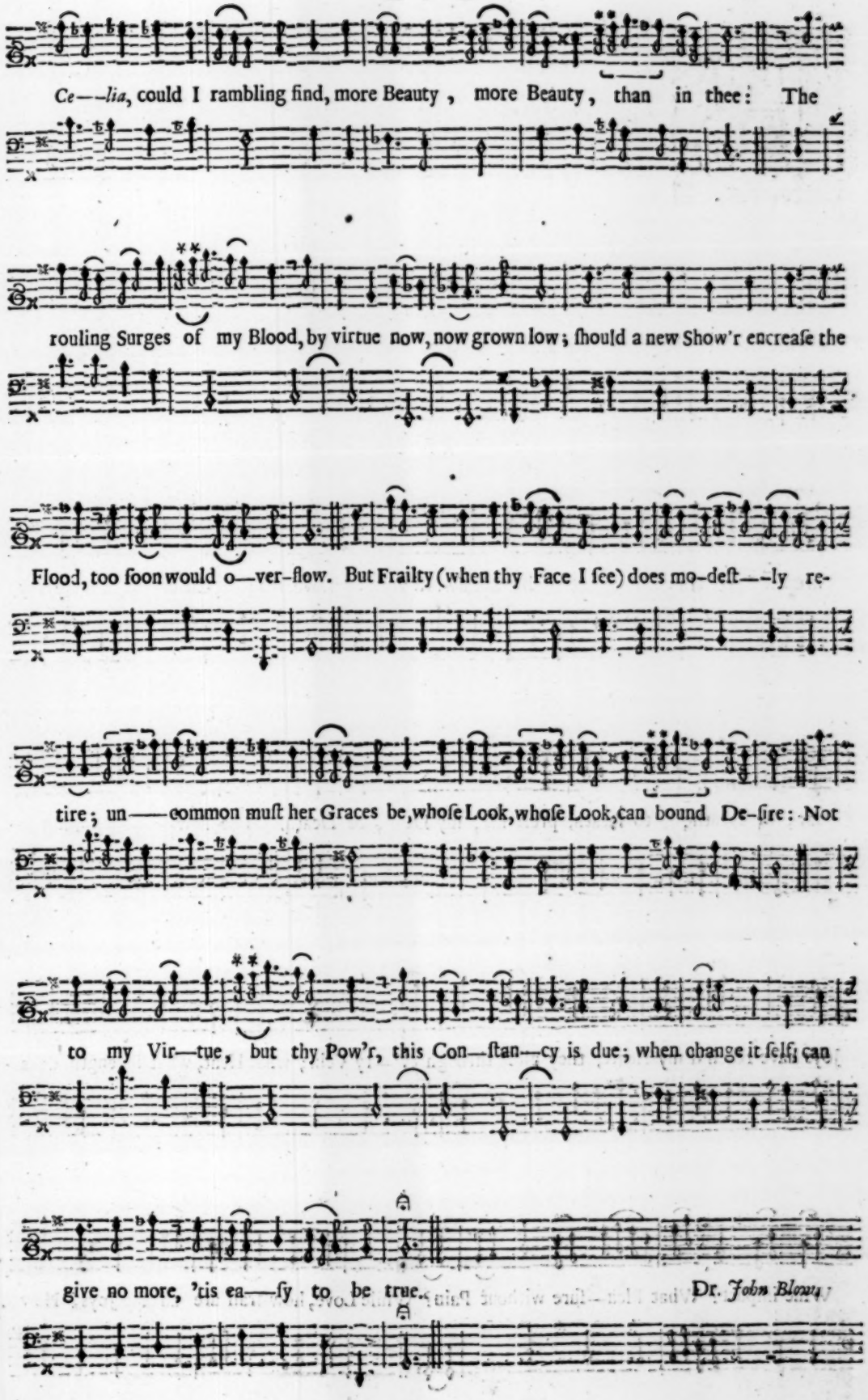

Your Beau-ty will fade, if En—joy-ment you ſhun, kind Heav'n did wiſe—ly de-
ſign; no Mor—tal on Earth ſhould be hap—py a—lone, but bleſt when they
mu—tual—ly joyn: Your Beau-ty will fade, if En—joy—ment you ſhun, kind
Heav'n did wiſe—ly de—ſign; no Mor-tal on Earth ſhould be hap—py a-lone, but
bleſt when they mu-tual-ly joyn.
Mr. James Hart.

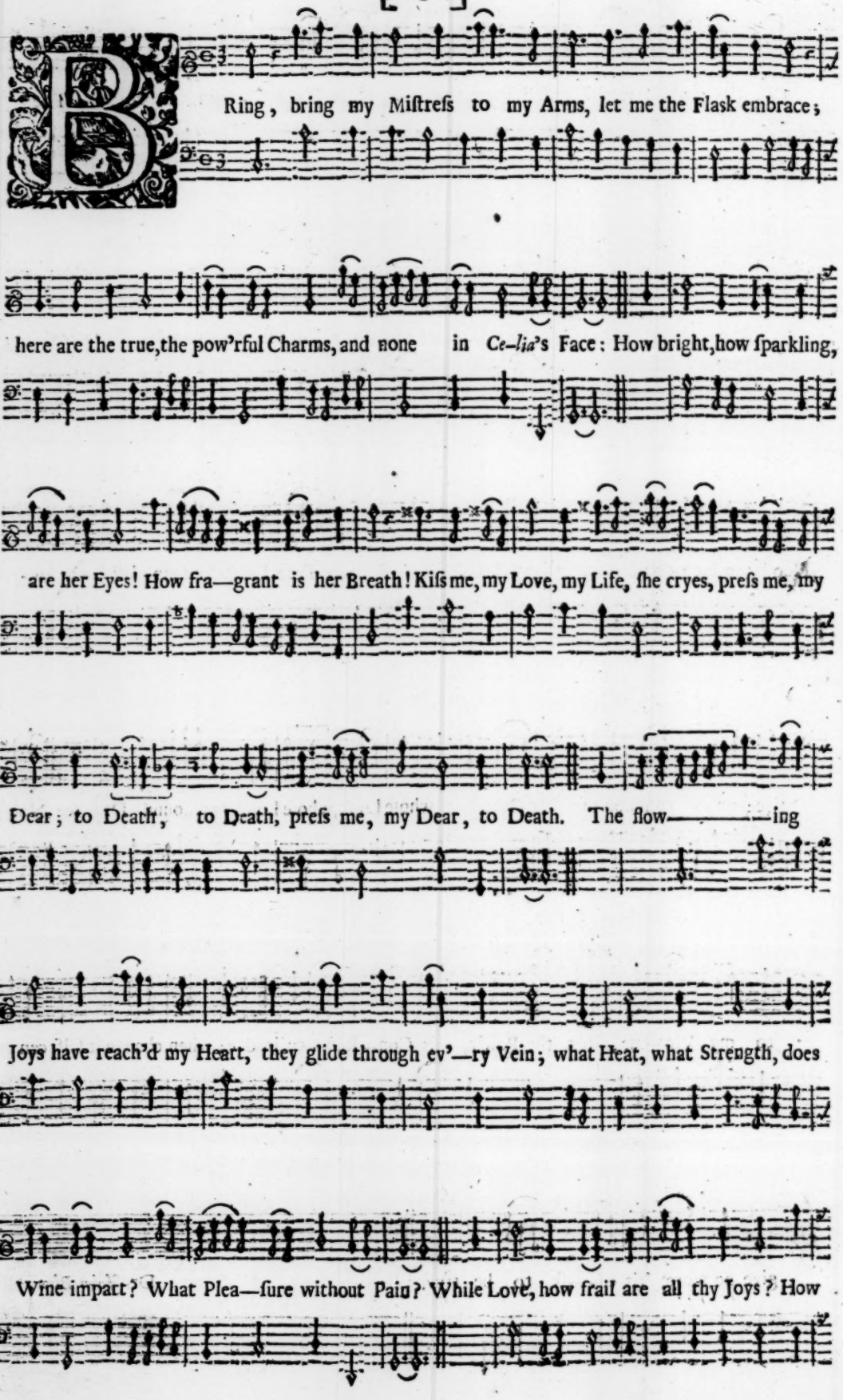


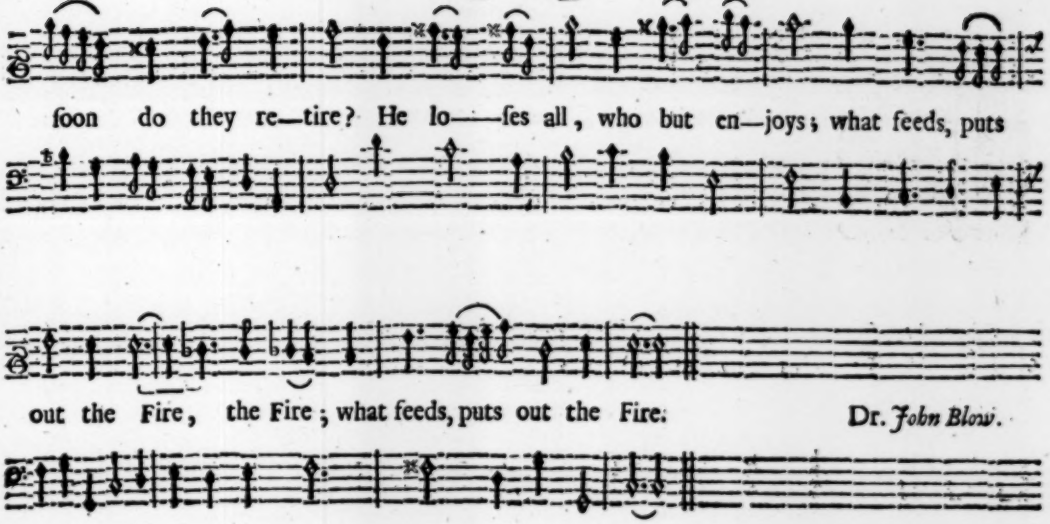
II.

Happy they, whoſe Inclination
  Warms but with a gentle Heat;
Never flyes up to a Paſſion,
  Loves a Torment if too great:
When the Storm is once blown over,
  Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a faithful conſtant Lover,
  Seldom is in true Repoſe.

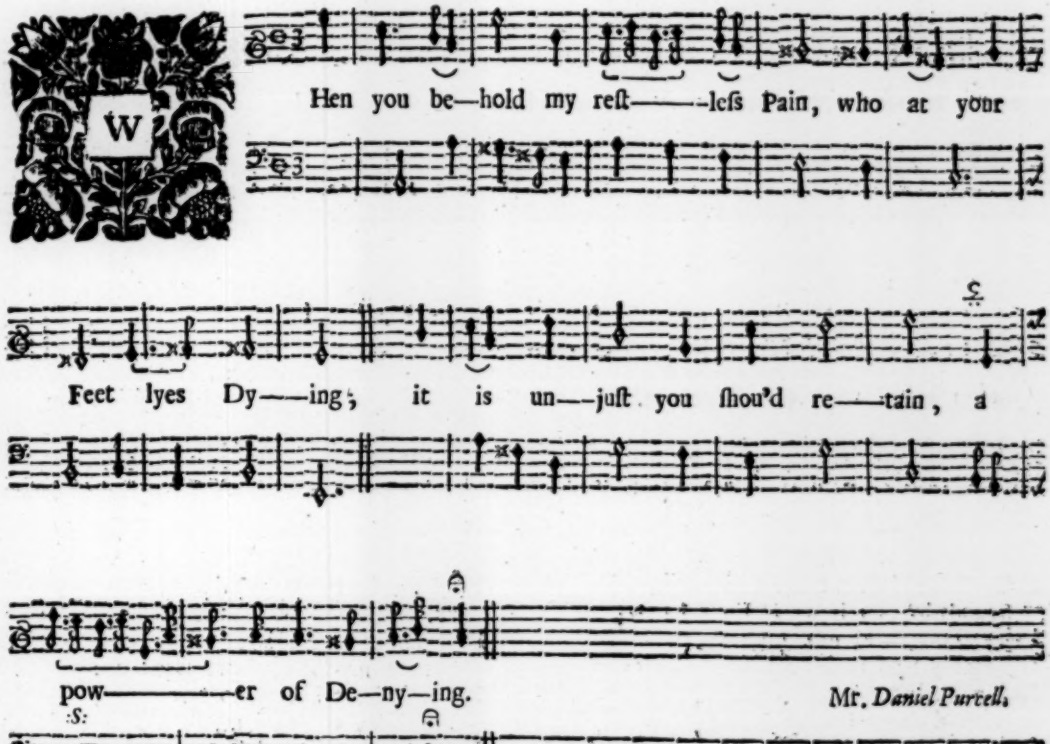



Ce—lia, could I rambling find, more Beauty, more Beauty, than in thee: The
rouling Surges of my Blood, by virtue now, now grown low; ſhould a new Show'r encreaſe the
Flood, too ſoon would o—ver-flow. But Frailty (when thy Face I ſee) does mo-deſt——ly re-
tire; un——common muſt her Graces be, whoſe Look, whoſe Look, can bound De-ſire: Not
to my Vir—tue, but thy Pow'r, this Con—ſtan—cy is due; when change it ſelf, can
give no more, 'tis ea—ſy to be true.
Dr. John Blow.


Ring, bring my Miſtreſs to my Arms, let me the Flask embrace;
here are the true, the pow'rful Charms, and none in Ce-lia's Face: How bright, how ſparkling,
are her Eyes! How fra—grant is her Breath! Kiſs me, my Love, my Life, ſhe cryes, preſs me, my
Dear; to Death, to Death, preſs me, my Dear, to Death. The flow———ing
Joys have reach'd my Heart, they glide through ev'—ry Vein; what Heat, what Strength, does
Wine impart? What Plea—ſure without Pain? While Love, how frail are all thy Joys? How



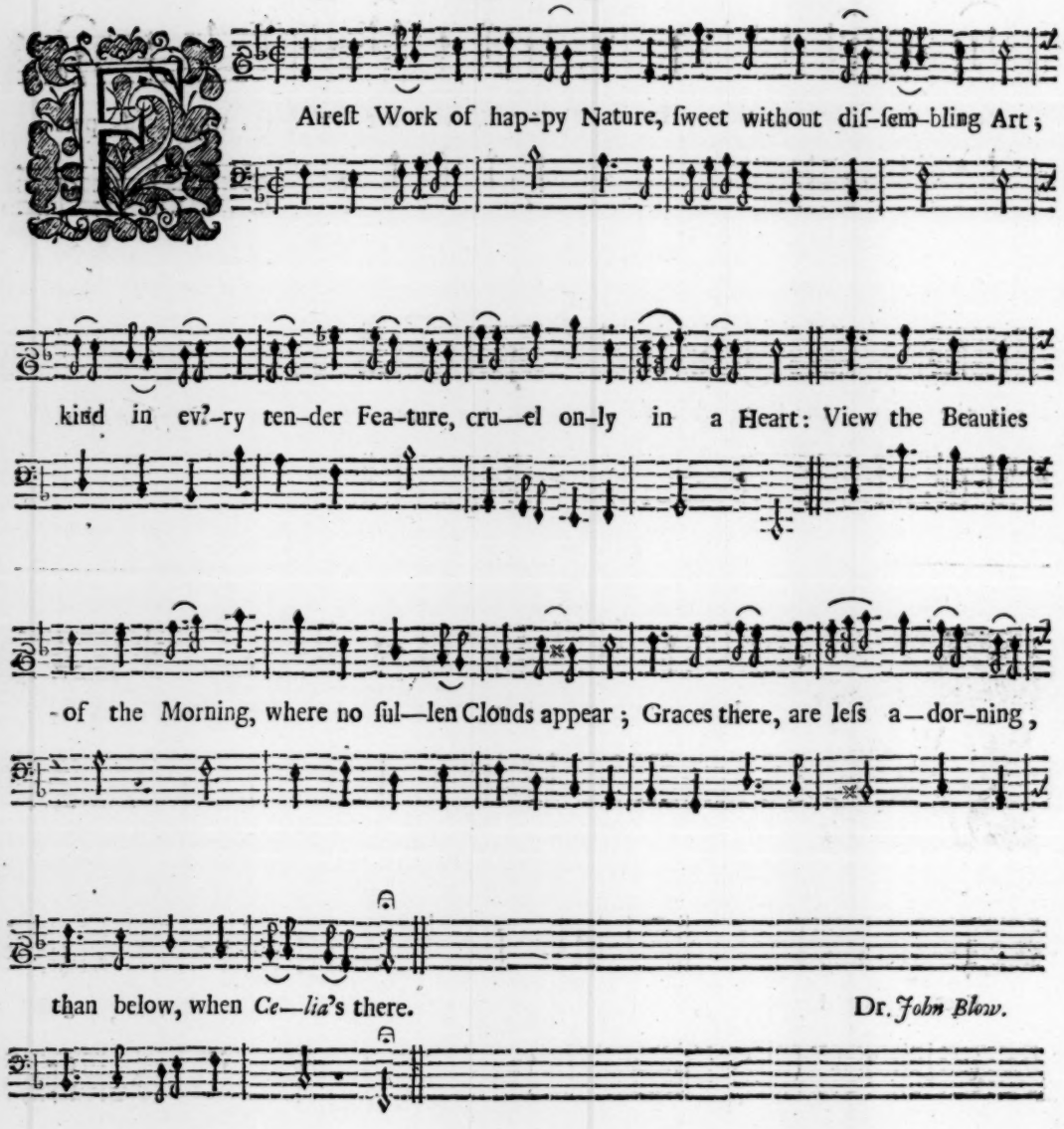
Dr. *John Blow.*



Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

II.

Let meaner Beauties, by Diſdain,
Kill thoſe that moſt adore 'em;
But you by Clemency ſhou'd Reign,
'Tis greater to reſtore 'em.



II.

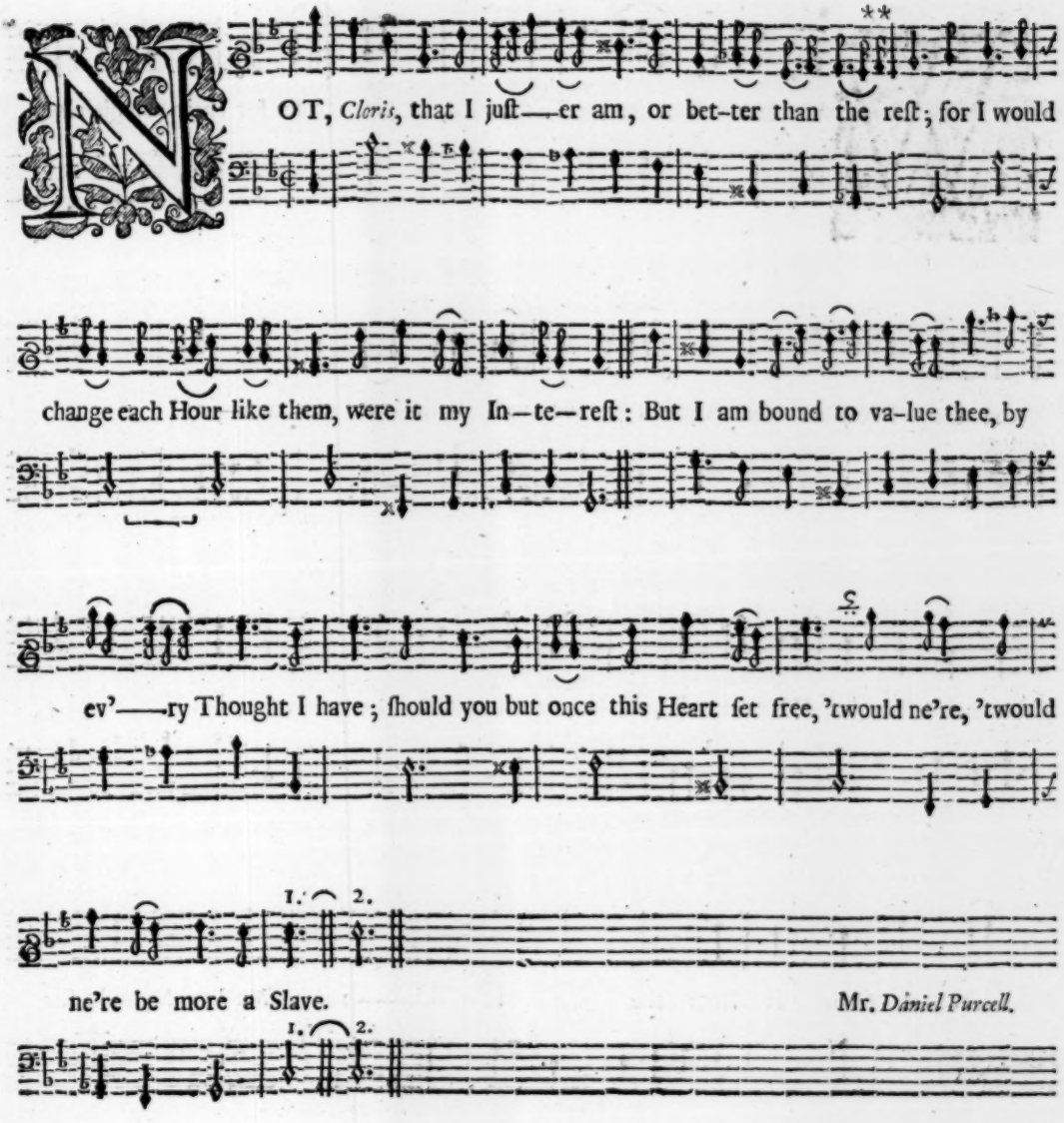
Ev'ry Tuneful Breast confesses,
Sounds by you improve their Pow'r;
Ev'ry Tongue in soft Addresses,
Humbly tells us his Amour;
Such a Tribute, lovely Blessing,
Faithful *Strephon* ne're denies;
Such a Treasure in possessing,
All the Bills of Love supplies.

III.

Yet I see by ev'ry Tryal,
Feeble Hopes my Flames persue;
Ever finding a Denial,
Where my softest Love was true:
But my Heart knows no retreating,
No decay can ease my Pain;
Love allows of no defeating,
Tho' the Prize is sought in vain.

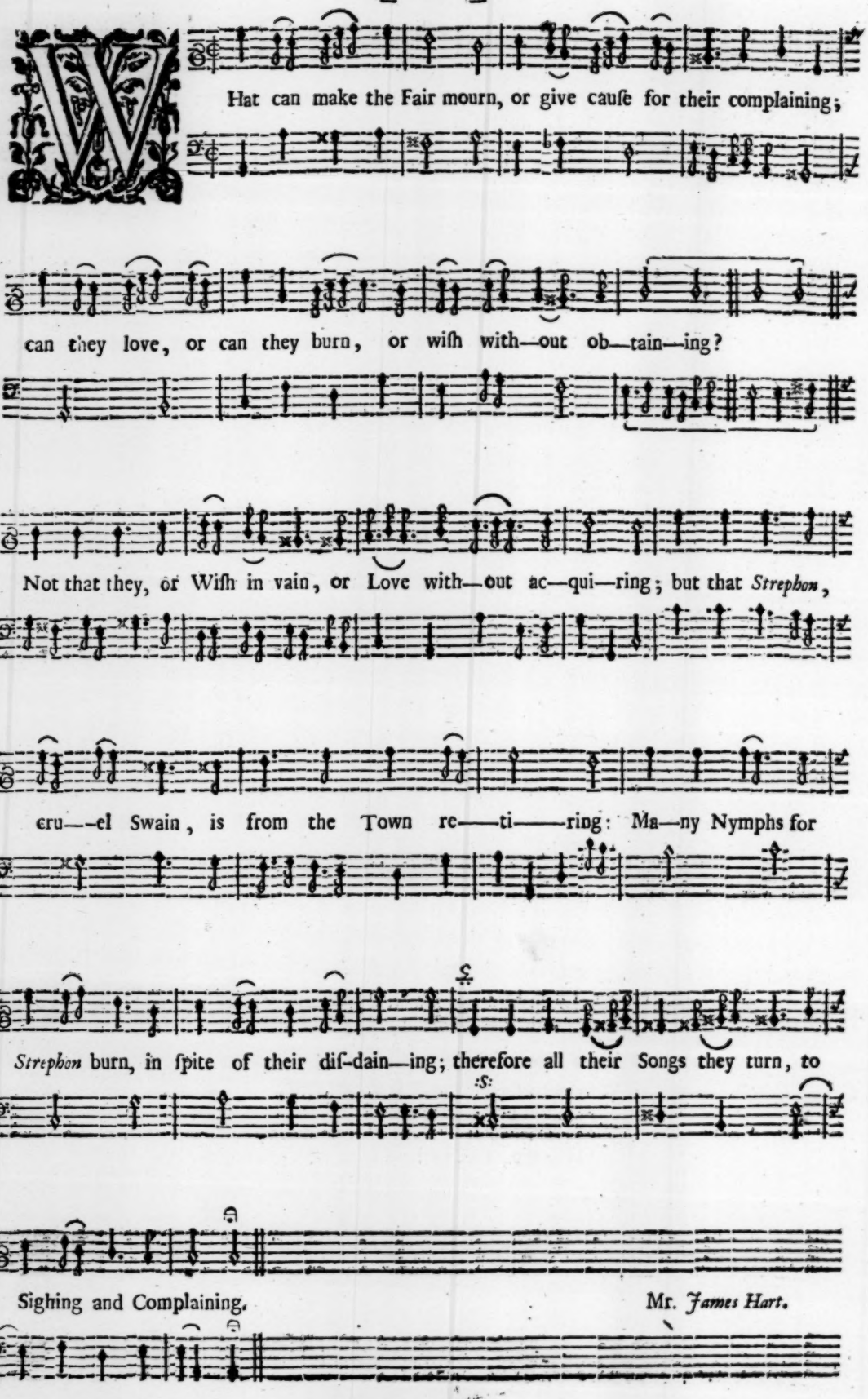
IV.

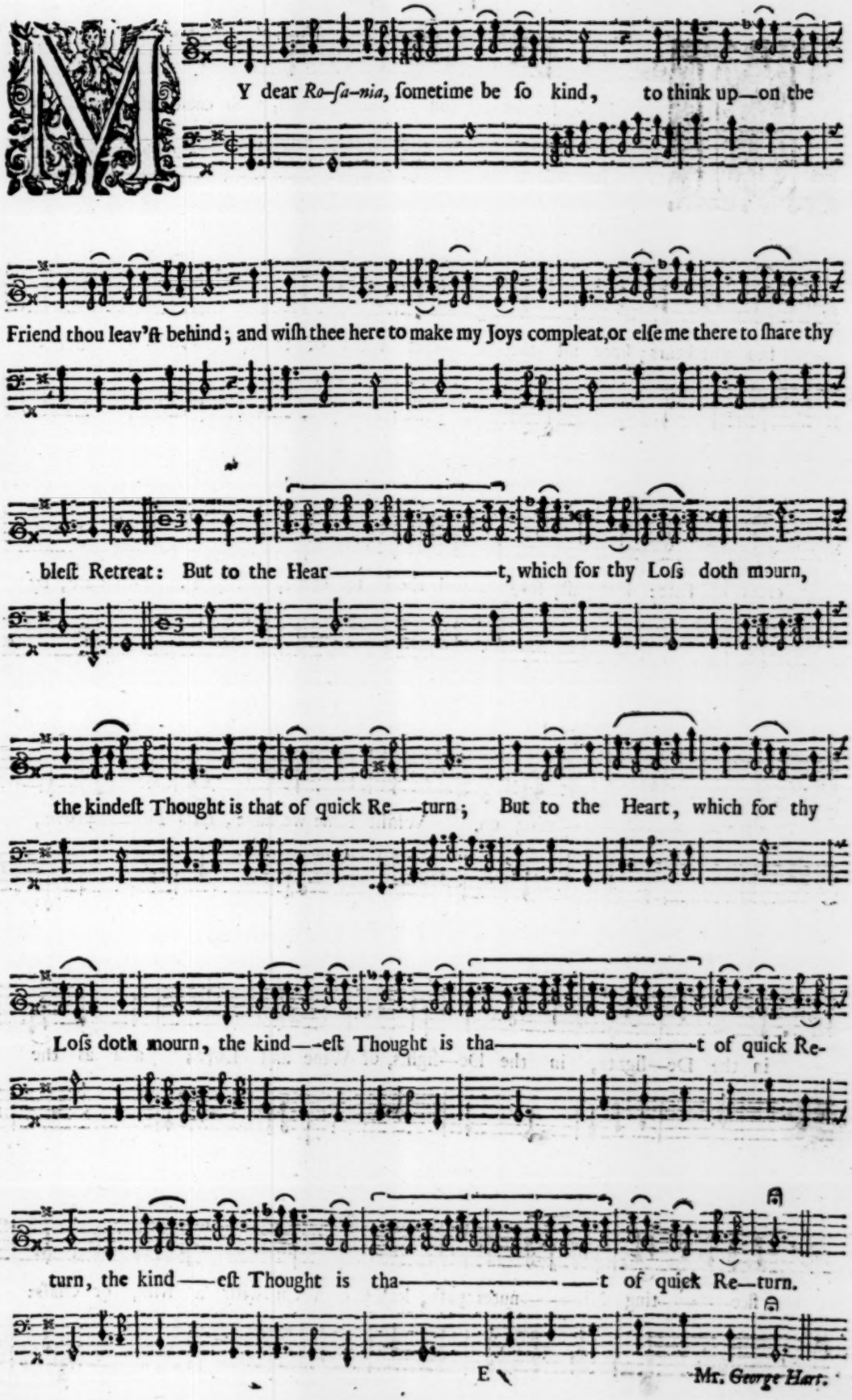
For if e're my *Celia*'s Treasure,
Must her Virgin Sweets resign;
Love shall flow with equal Measure,
And I'le boldly call her mine:
'Till her panting wedded Lover,
Grown uneasy by my Claim;
Leaves me freely to discover
Golden Coasts without a Name.



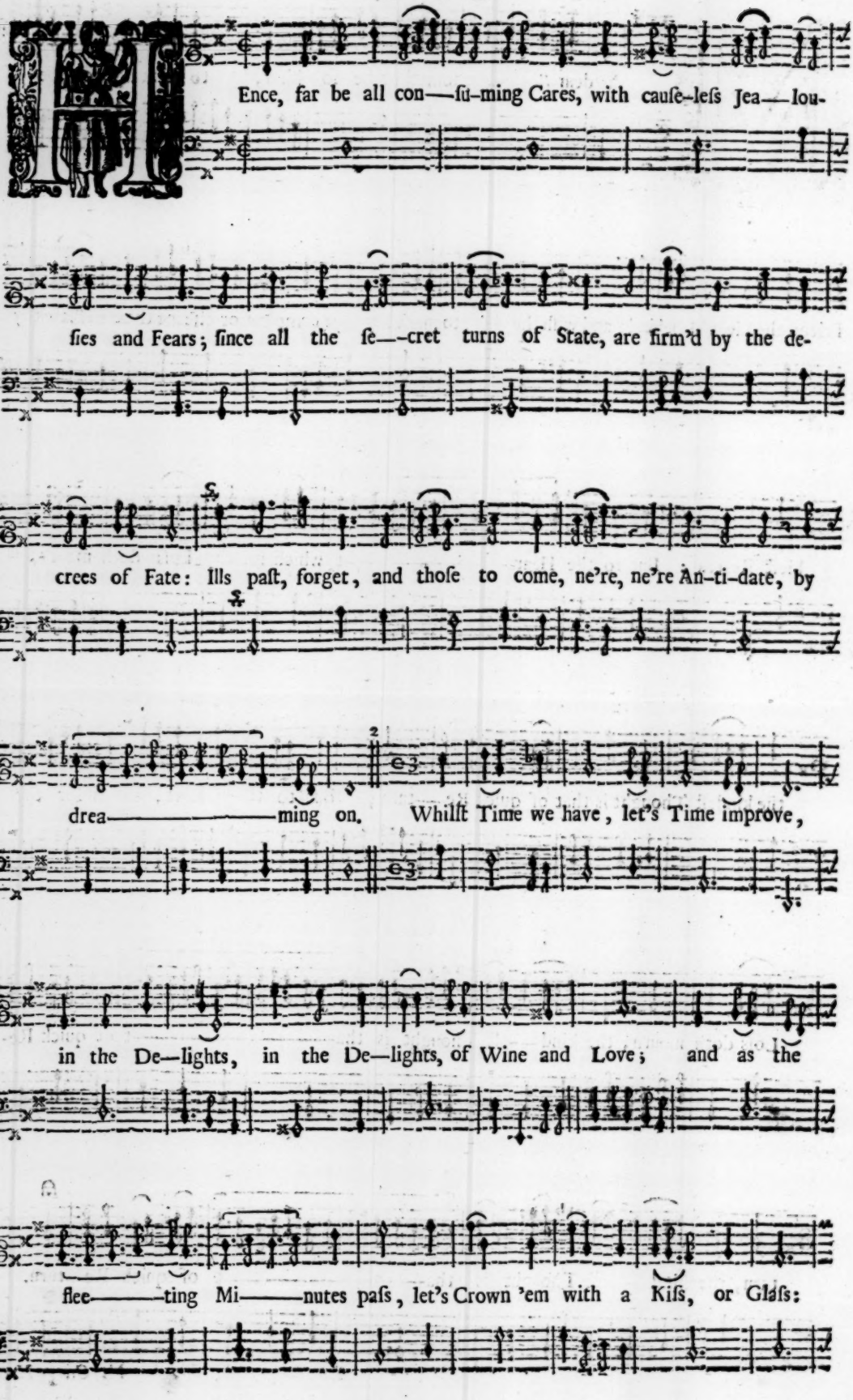
II.

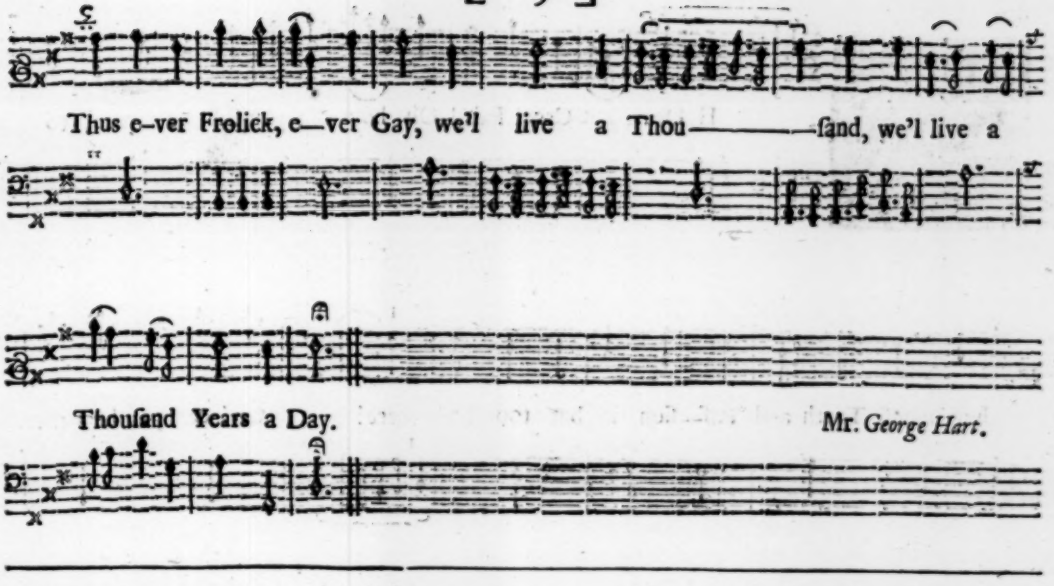
All that in Woman is ador'd,
In thy dear ſelf I find;
For all your Sex can but afford
The Charming, and the Kind:
Why then ſhould I ſeek farther Store,
And ſtill make Love anew?
When Change it ſelf can give no more,
'Tis eaſie, eaſie to be True.

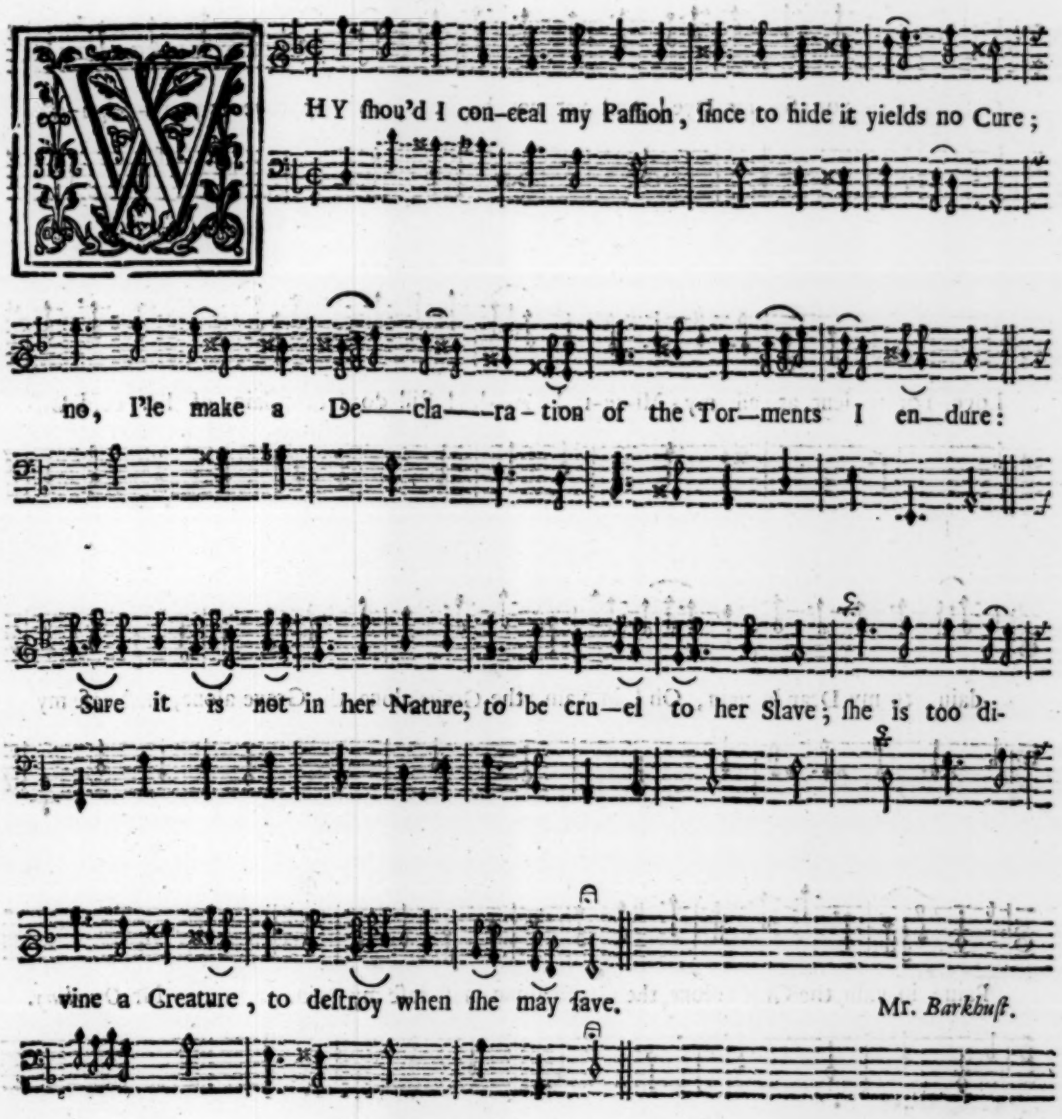

What can make the Fair mourn, or give cauſe for their complaining;
can they love, or can they burn, or wiſh with—out ob—tain—ing?
Not that they, or Wiſh in vain, or Love with—out ac—qui—ring; but that *Strephon*,
cru—el Swain, is from the Town re——ti——ring: Ma—ny Nymphs for
Strephon burn, in ſpite of their diſ-dain—ing; therefore all their Songs they turn, to
Sighing and Complaining.
Mr. *James Hart.*

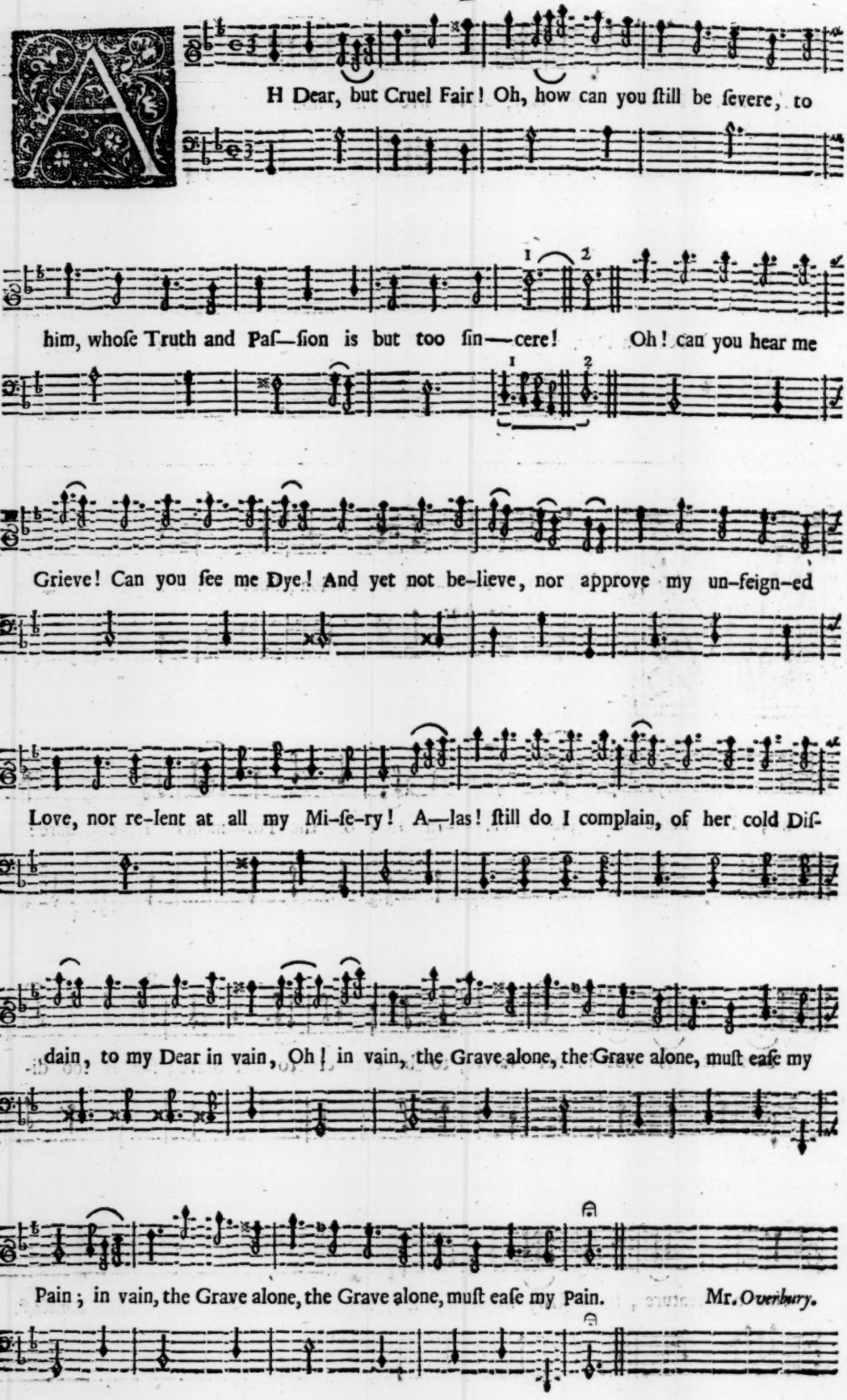


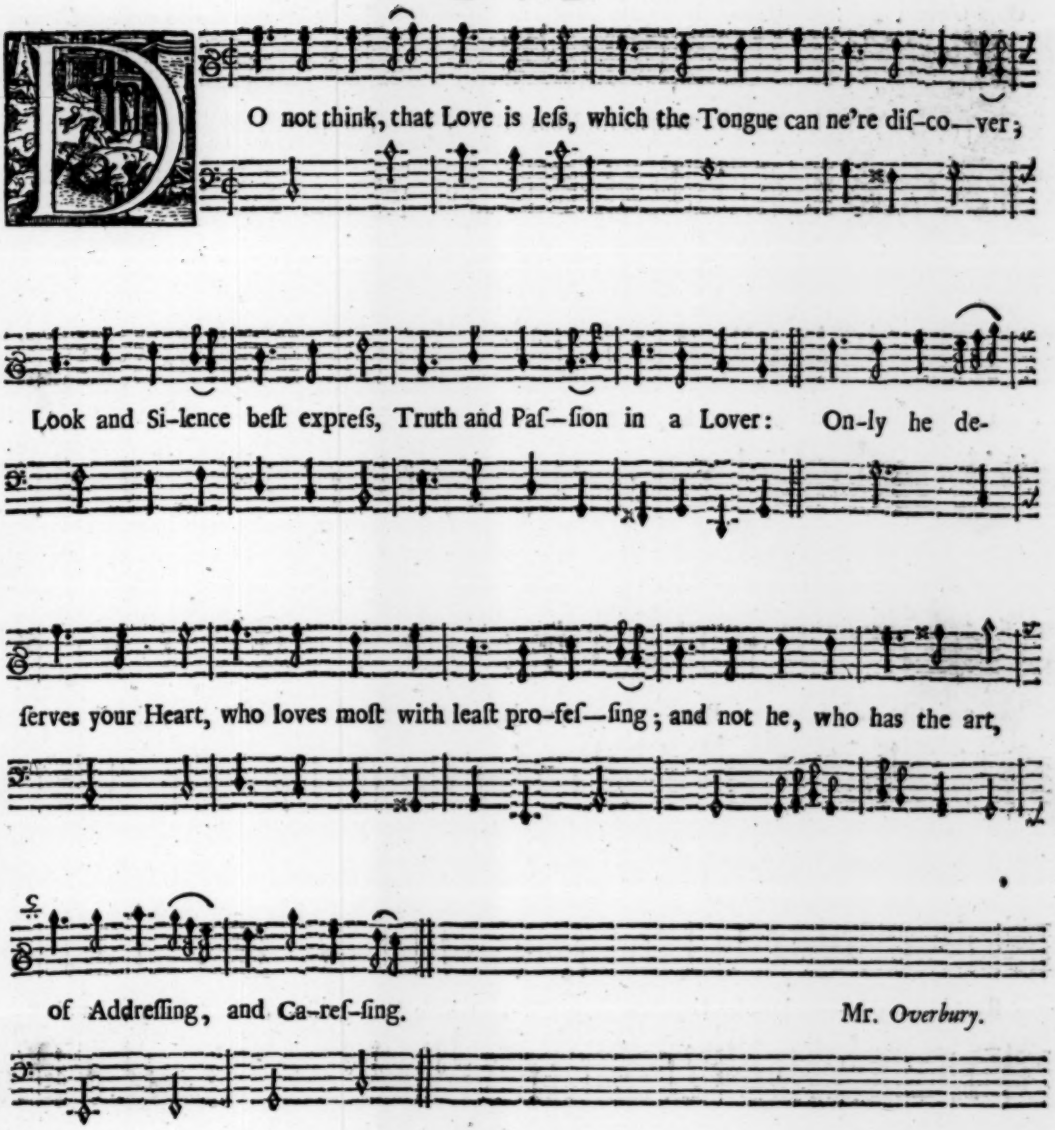
Mr. George Hart.


HEnce, far be all con—ſu-ming Cares, with cauſe-leſs Jea—lou-
ſies and Fears; ſince all the ſe—cret turns of State, are firm'd by the de-
crees of Fate: Ills paſt, forget, and thoſe to come, ne're, ne're An-ti-date, by
drea———————ming on. Whilſt Time we have, let's Time improve,
in the De—lights, in the De—lights, of Wine and Love; and as the
flee———ting Mi———nutes paſs, let's Crown 'em with a Kiſs, or Glaſs:


Thus e-ver Frolick, e—ver Gay, we'l live a Thou————ſand, we'l live a
Thouſand Years a Day.
Mr. George Hart.

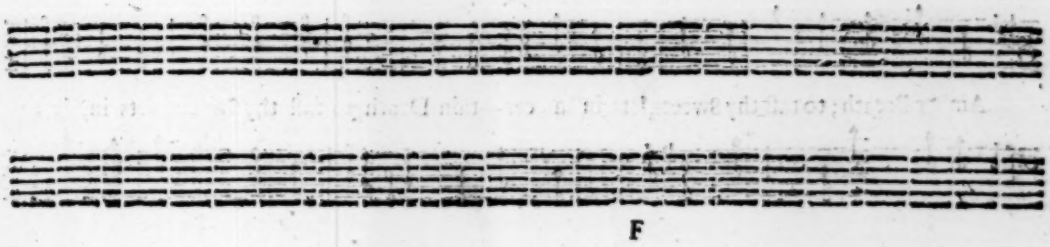

WHY ſhou'd I con-ceal my Paſſion, ſince to hide it yields no Cure;
no, I'le make a De——cla——ra-tion of the Tor—ments I en—dure:
Sure it is not in her Nature, to be cru—el to her Slave; ſhe is too di-
vine a Creature, to deſtroy when ſhe may ſave.
Mr. Barkhuſt.


AH Dear, but Cruel Fair! Oh, how can you ſtill be ſevere, to
him, whoſe Truth and Paſ—ſion is but too ſin—cere! Oh! can you hear me
Grieve! Can you ſee me Dye! And yet not be-lieve, nor approve my un-feign-ed
Love, nor re-lent at all my Mi-ſe-ry! A—las! ſtill do I complain, of her cold Diſ-
dain, to my Dear in vain, Oh! in vain, the Grave alone, the Grave alone, muſt eaſe my
Pain; in vain, the Grave alone, the Grave alone, muſt eaſe my Pain. Mr. Overbury.



II.

As your greateſt Bane, avoid
Him, who cunningly beſeeches;
Nor by Rhet'rick be decoy'd,
Faireſt Love makes feweſt Speeches:
Rather be to him inclin'd,
Who at diſtance ſighs and trembles;
For, who ſpeaks the moſt, you'l find,
Only wheadles, and diſſembles.



On a Ground. *Man.*

Hat mean thoſe Am'rous Curls of Jet? For what, Heart, lovely Maid! doſt

thou thy Hair in or—der ſet, thy Hair in or—der ſet; thy wanton Treſ-ſes braid,

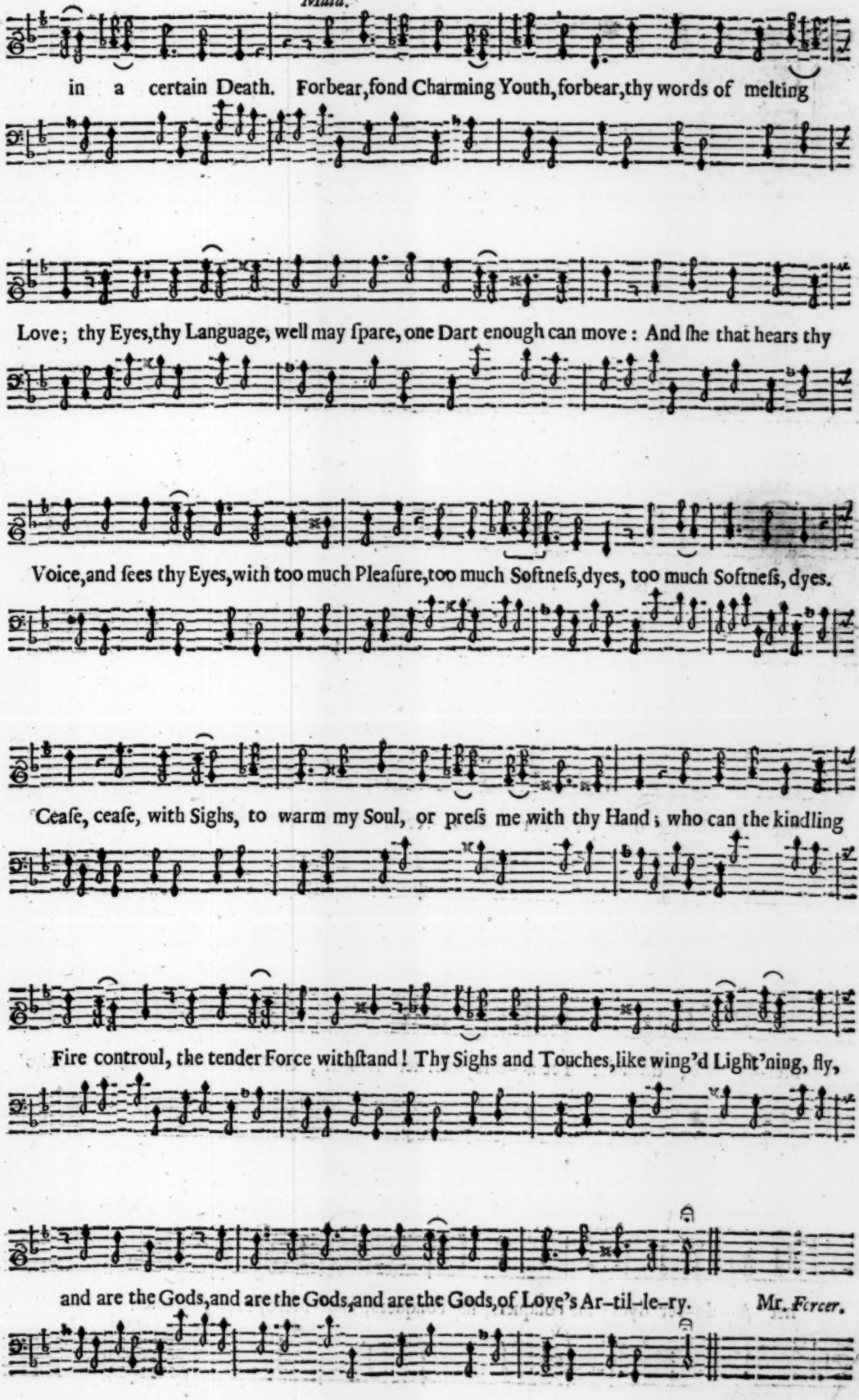
and thy vaſt Store of Beau—ty o—pen lay, that the de—lu—ded Fan-cy leads a-

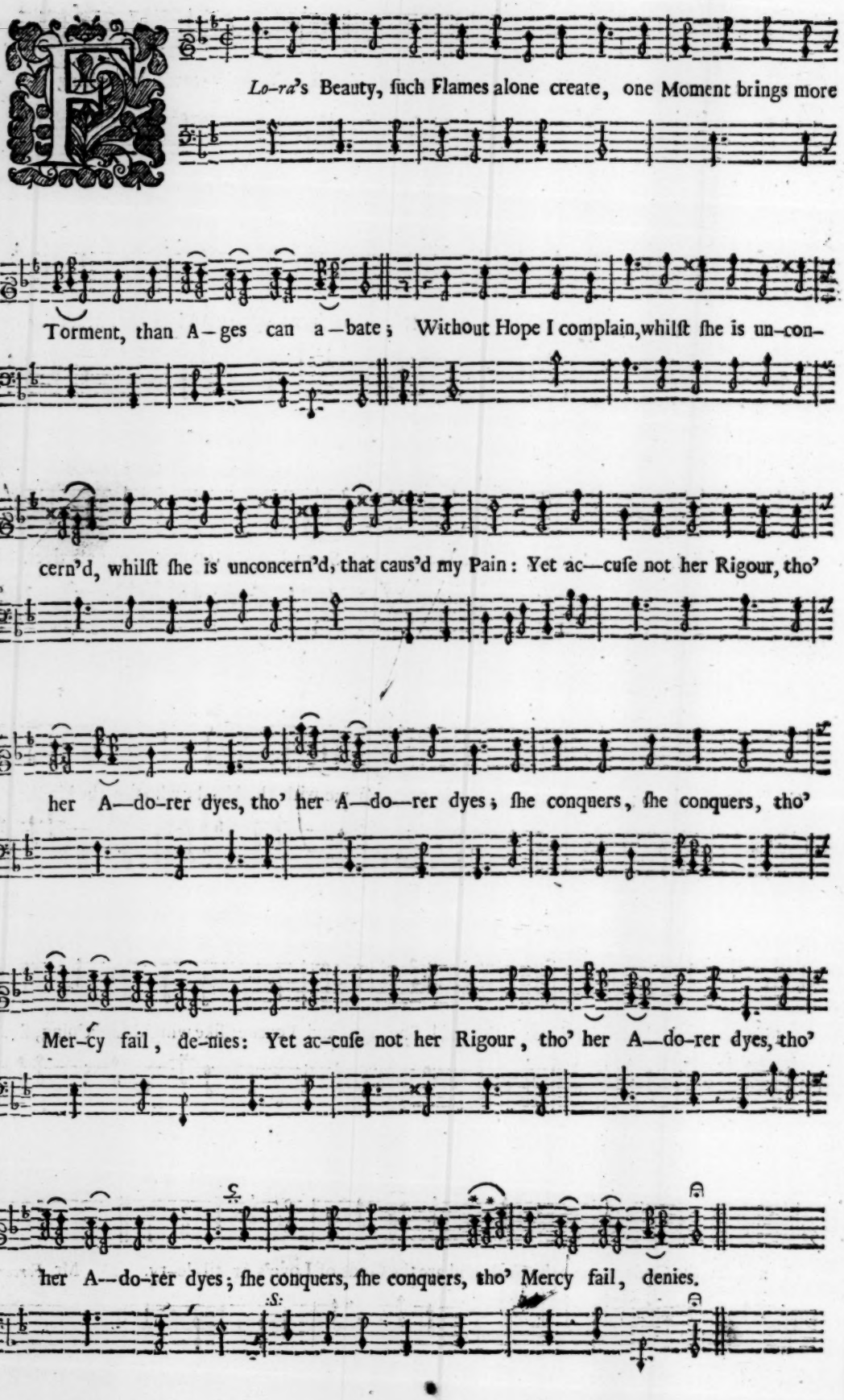
ſtray? For Pi—ty! hide thy Star—ry Eyes, whoſe Lan-guiſh-ments deſtroy; and

look not on the Slave that dyes, with an ex-ceſs of Joy: Defend thy Co—ral Lips, thy

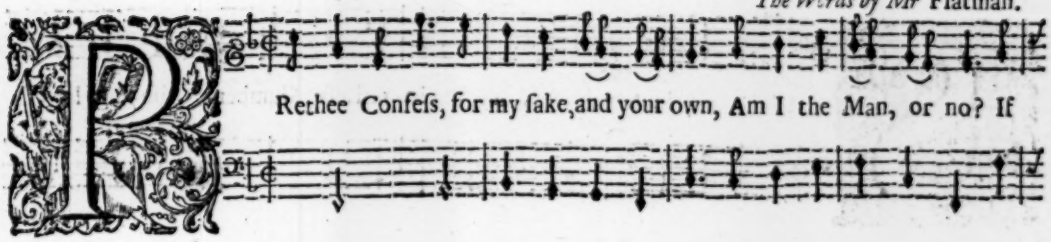
Amber Breath; to taſt thy Sweets, lets in a cer—tain Death, to taſt thy Sweets, lets in, lets

Maid.

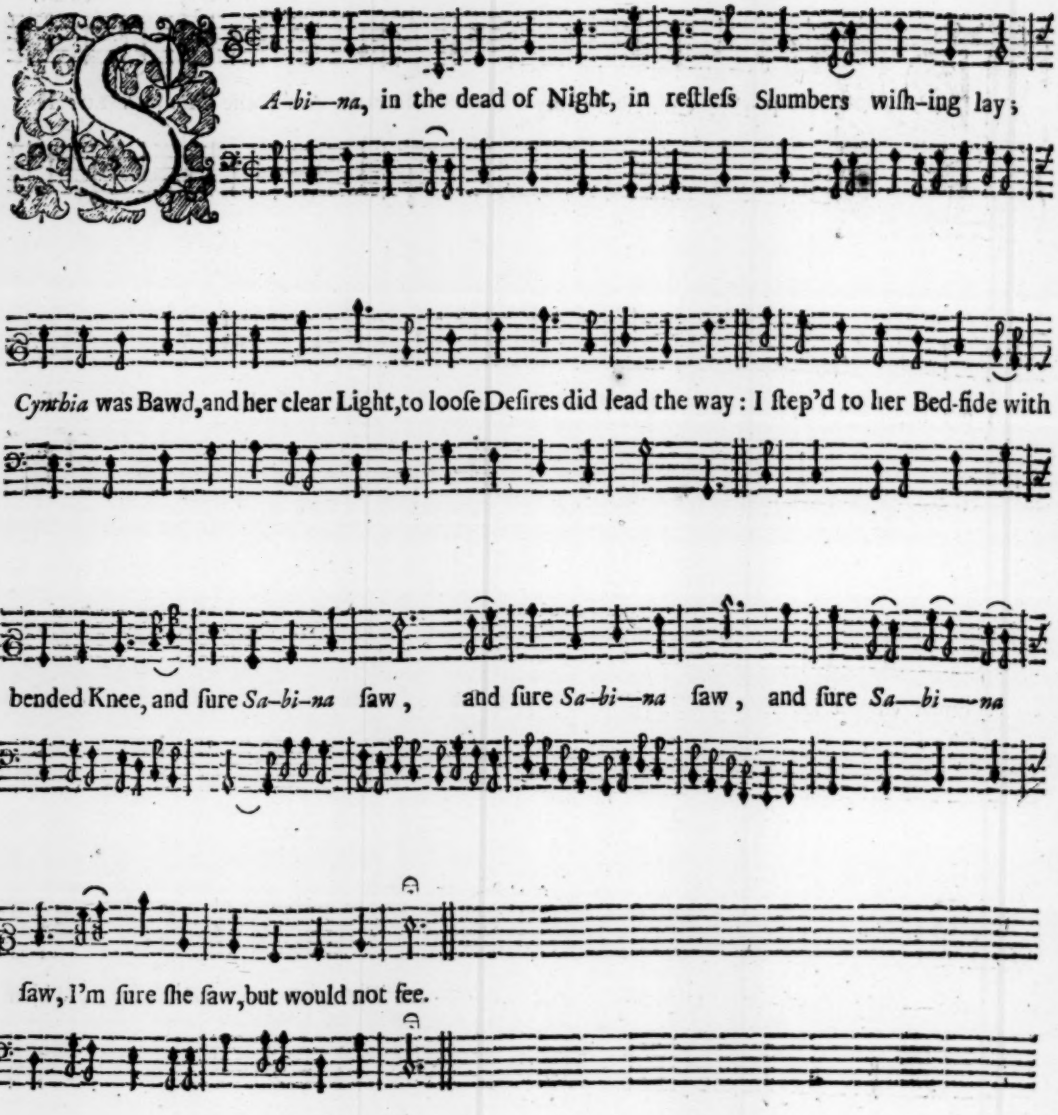

in a certain Death. Forbear, fond Charming Youth, forbear, thy words of melting
Love; thy Eyes, thy Language, well may ſpare, one Dart enough can move: And ſhe that hears thy
Voice, and ſees thy Eyes, with too much Pleaſure, too much Softneſs, dyes, too much Softneſs, dyes.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, with Sighs, to warm my Soul, or preſs me with thy Hand; who can the kindling
Fire controul, the tender Force withſtand! Thy Sighs and Touches, like wing'd Light'ning, fly,
and are the Gods, and are the Gods, and are the Gods, of Love's Ar-til-le-ry.
Mr. *Fercer.*


Lo-ra's Beauty, ſuch Flames alone create, one Moment brings more
Torment, than A-ges can a-bate; Without Hope I complain, whilſt ſhe is un-con-
cern'd, whilſt ſhe is unconcern'd, that caus'd my Pain: Yet ac-cuſe not her Rigour, tho'
her A-do-rer dyes, tho' her A-do-rer dyes; ſhe conquers, ſhe conquers, tho'
Mer-cy fail, de-nies: Yet ac-cuſe not her Rigour, tho' her A-do-rer dyes, tho'
her A-do-rer dyes; ſhe conquers, ſhe conquers, tho' Mercy fail, denies.

The Words by Mr Flatman.



Mr. *John Raſey.*



II.

I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
Which did her whiter Body keep;
But ſtill the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faſter ſhe did ſleep:
I call'd *Sabina* ſoftly in her Ear,
And ſure *Sabina* heard, but would not hear.

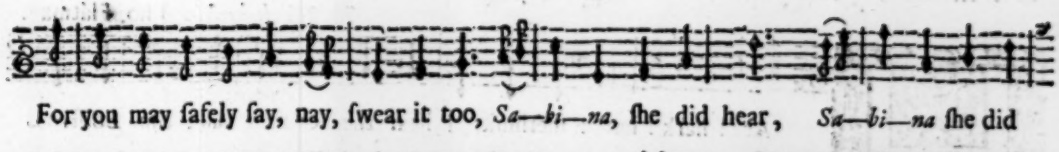
III.

Thus, as ſome Midnight Thief, (when all)
Are wrapp'd into a Lethergy,
Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
To ſearch for hidden Treaſury:
So mov'd my buſie Hand from Head to Heel,
And ſure *Sabina* felt, and would not feel.

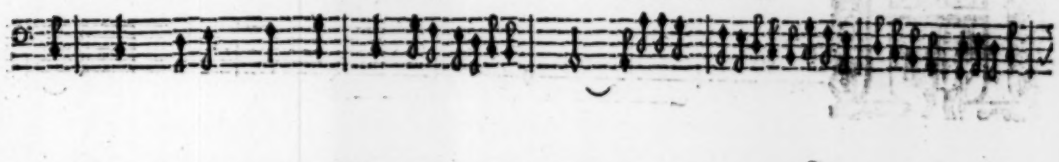
IV.

Thus I ev'n by a Wiſh enjoy,
And ſhe without a Bluſh receives;
As by Diſſembling moſt are Coy,
She by Diſſembling freely gives:

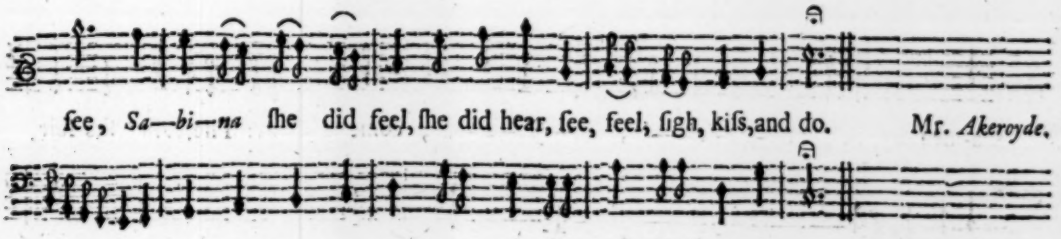
For you may, *&c.* [*As on the following Leaf.*]



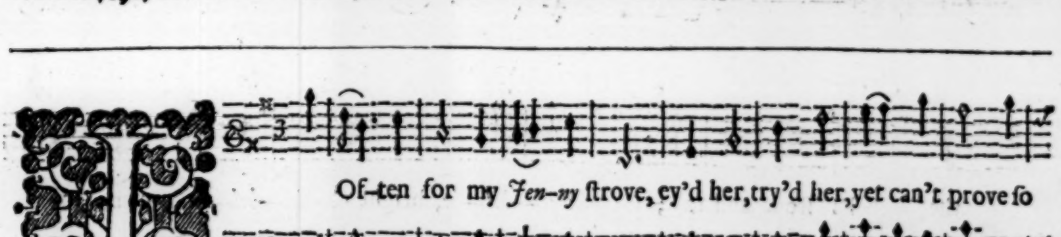
For you may ſafely ſay, nay, ſwear it too, *Sa—bi—na*, ſhe did hear, *Sa—bi—na* ſhe did



ſee, *Sa—bi—na* ſhe did feel, ſhe did hear, ſee, feel, ſigh, kiſs, and do. Mr. *Akeroyde.*

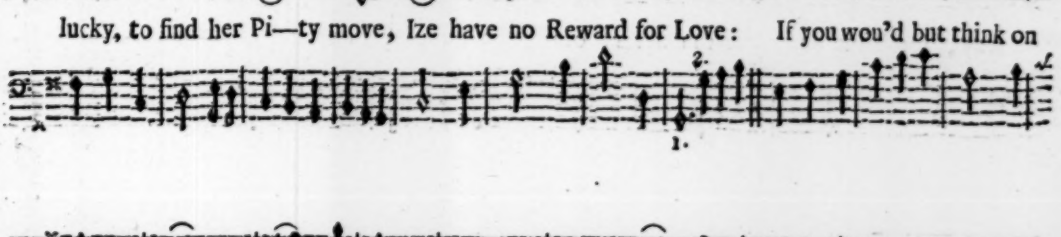


I Of-ten for my *Jen-ny* ſtrove, ey'd her, try'd her, yet can't prove ſo



lucky, to find her Pi—ty move, Ize have no Reward for Love: If you wou'd but think on

me, and now forſake your Cru-el—ty; Ize for e—ver ſhou'd be, cou'd be, wou'd be,



joyn'd with none but on-ly thee.

When firſt I ſaw thy lovely Charms,
I kiſs'd thee, wiſh'd thee in my Arms;
I often vow'd, and did proteſt,
'Tis gone alone, that I love beſt:
Ize have gotten Twenty Pounds,
My Father's Houſe, and all his Grounds,
And for ever ſhou d be, cou'd be, wou'd be,
Joyn'd with none but only thee.

The Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.

Ark! hark! hark! methinks, I hear the Sea-men call, the Boiſtrous

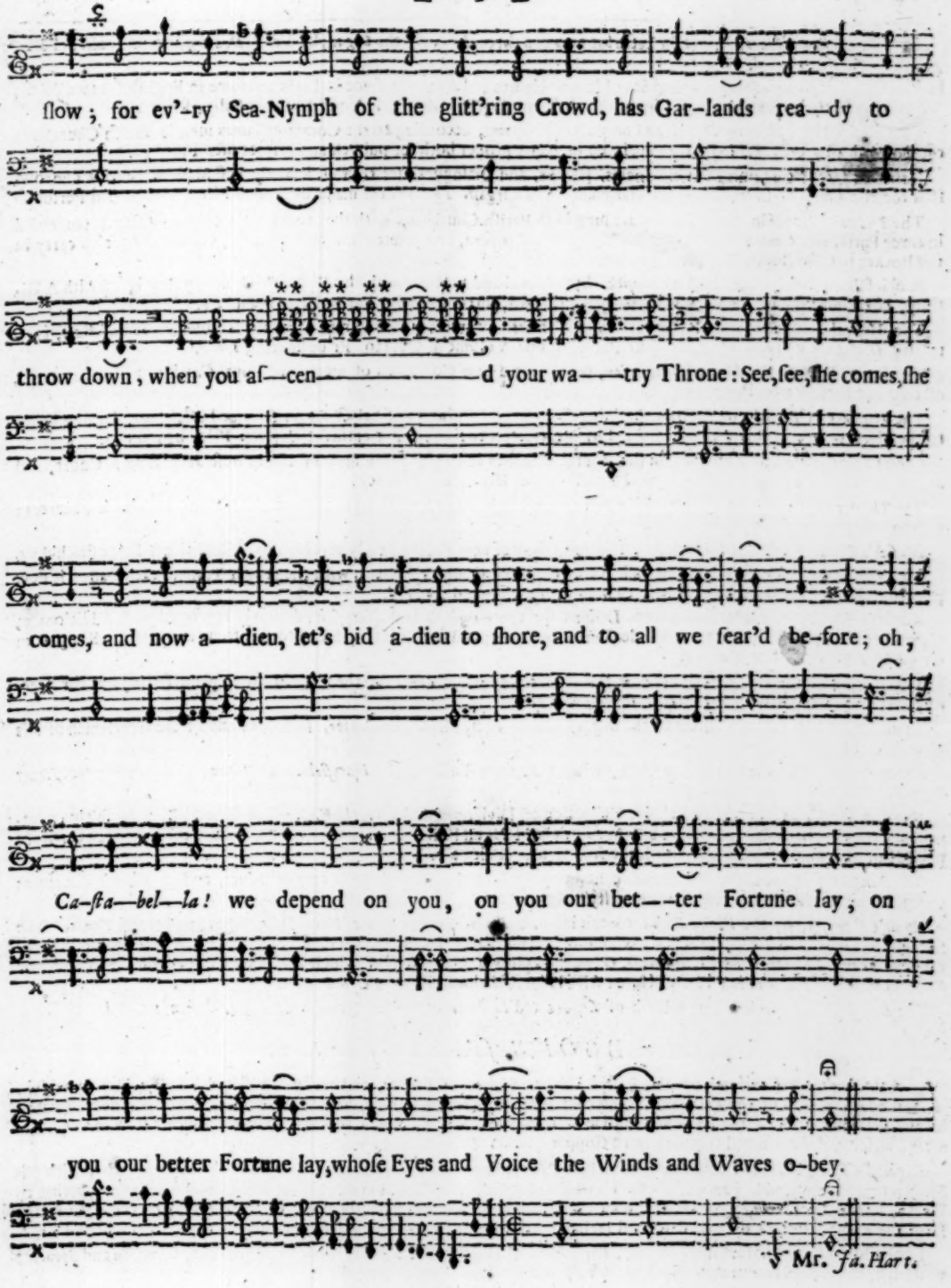
Sea-men ſay, Bright *Ca-ſta-bel—la*, *Ca—ſta-bel—la*, come a—way: The Wind ſits fair,

the Veſſel's ſtout and tall; *Ca—ſta—bel—la*, bright *Ca-ſta—bel—la*, come a-

way, for Time and Tide can never, can never ſtay, for Time and Ti———————

———de can ne—ver, ne——ver ſtay. Our mighty Ma-ſter *Neptune*

calls a—loud, the *Zephirs* gent——ly blow, the *Tri—tons* cry, You are too


flow; for ev'-ry Sea-Nymph of the glitt'ring Crowd, has Gar-lands rea—dy to
throw down, when you aſ—cen————d your wa——try Throne: See, ſee, ſhe comes, ſhe
comes, and now a—dieu, let's bid a-dieu to ſhore, and to all we fear'd be-fore; oh,
Ca-ſta—bel—la! we depend on you, on you our bet——ter Fortune lay, on
you our better Fortune lay, whoſe Eyes and Voice the Winds and Waves o-bey.
Mr. Ja. Hart.

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